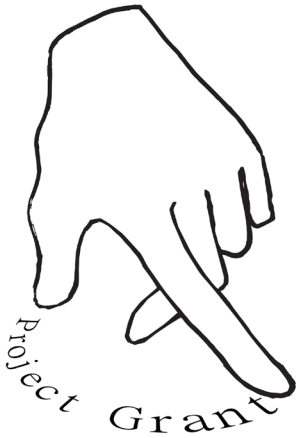
Project Grant

come, walk with me

(come walk with me)

Where I'm stuck, has always stayed open for walks:

I've been passing by privileged lives and

peeking through windows in jealousy;

I wish I got stuck in where I'm me.

Although, in a sense, I am the most of myself here,

foreign and capsuled in my own mind,

with pure interpretation and no understanding.

I walk up the hill and pass the house that

looks like a wave;

the river reflects and darkens in

the *civil twilight,*

then *nautical twilight*

then *astronomical twilight,*

it's night.

This dark is when the light show begins:

I step by a wholesome scene after scene,

imagine the safeness,

and return to the space I have keys for,

dissatisfied.

I am the most me here as I don't understand,

only interpret,

and fall asleep with earplugs

blocking the conversation

I am not welcome in.

Can I tell you, how much I'm dreading

where I'm in?

There is no freedom in walking away

and returning,

I am dreaming of distractions.

With the problem of practicality comes a layer of

annoyance aimed at the present.

It's a stance of lingering,

of absurdity.

It makes me ask inane questions, like:

Why make, if there is no enjoyment?

or

Why produce, if it doesn't help me make me better?

All I have is this project grant

and every other problem in the book.

All afternoon I've been just

sitting,

staring at the sun,

and waiting for that work to come.

There is a moment, where the application becomes

the work itself:

there is no promise of anything

but a little hope in making one feel better

in their use or waste of time.

We all know, the stipendium for production

is not what one requires

when means have run out

for baseline needs

and no normalcy looms on the horizon.

(dusk is the last try of the sun to reach above

the horizon before the night begins;

dusk is the last hindering)

I stare at the sun until it drops low enough

for me to start my walk of pity–

or of looking for calmness.

The passed-by noise gathers less annoyance

than the meaningless conversation

behind one set wall;

I walk until I'm too tired to hear.

In the dark, I am reminded of myselfness.

It is often difficult to feel proper

if any and all interaction passes me by.

In dimness

it is a relief to have problems hide

not laid out in the open:

I feel like I am merging into the

lack of light,

I sense a togetherness

with the shy being

of the urban landscape.

I tell myself something soothing,

I feel it resonating through the concrete,

wood, and

foliage,

and for a short while I am heard,

as if my thoughts and whispers

only travelled through the night

on street-lit asphalt.

I am no night worker,

and most night work is not allowed now anyway.

Another relief, as now I can

blend in without use

and disappear softly into a state of no expectation.

I have nothing to provide myself from,

but also nothing to provide myself for,

I am as useful as warm breath.

I emerge into the light of the staircase,

–lit by a relay of counted seconds–

and,

to get this anxiety of another day arriving over with,

imagine that this is the glow of dawn.

Yet, I am still forced to sleep myself

into another empty morning.

I sometimes think that the sun blares

just to spite me,

to never give me access to the energy it seems to share

with everyone else.

I wake to the street cleaning

shuffling loud white noise

through my ungasketed window.

I wonder when's the last day

to rise here

before the renter lets me go

as there's been complaining

about their inactions

in the habitability of the situation.

I feel let down in this deal,

being moved here from another loud and insecure space,

fearing for my hearing,

and fearing for my safety,

and am now,

on top of it all,

still met with my tinnitus

reminding me of my every crippling

paranoia.

(this is not fiction, but some of the words

might be incorrect)

If unluck happens more than once

it concludes itself in actuality,

and I feel like ending up in

sour situations has become

inevitable for me.

I am doubting if I really do know better,

and perhaps suffering in nominal thoughts

is my intrasport.

Left out of the language,

I wonder if I am just not understanding

what I've misunderstood.

I am doubtful,

yet sure

that there was a meeting on how to

read interactions.

Must be an acquired taste, to enjoy exchanging

words that mean nothing

as an appetizer to what needs to be said.

But we are not meeting anyway

and it's become even harder to understand this need.

I get fixated on trivial aspects of communication

like breath and posture,

stains,

and forget that for now we have none of this,

albeit the pre-established bridges

between people

we let ourselves bypass our fears for.

I wouldn't say I'm less anxious,

no.

More so, I feel the competitiveness

for basic actions and needs,

over who shall be granted the freedom,

the heat,

the quiet space,

the human contact

in a fulfilling way?

Always the chosen,

never something laid on all.

All I have is this project grant

and every other problem in the book.

Is the internet a human right?

It's been so good to me these days

and it makes me feel horrible.

(I thought to never write of the zeitgeist, but I think it's

already over-arching that timeframe)

It is the never-stopping dark walks during

the long dusk,

peeking for privileges through windows;

yet here I am scraping my glass free of frost,

undraping a vision of a version of me.

I am thinking in typos as this is the distraction I see

not see*k.

Sucked into its materiality,

I wonder what I could own

to feel a little more common

and very special at the same time.

It is so ordinary to want to be notable,

but not praised for being particular.

I escape by writing a letter on paper,

every other month or so,

with this one friend,

we always did this,

it is our choice of communication and

it is fine and fulfilling.

The last time speaking eye to eye

we started saying the same things

at the same time.

(the words are right,

but some of it is fiction)

In writing, there is a different synchronicity,

we might be writing with the same intention,

without knowing,

at the same time,

we will never know.

Nobody puts a timecode on the letter,

maybe the date,

from days ago,

before the envelope had dust

gathered on the side

with the print-out stamp.

I take care to write the address with

my left hand,

unsmeared.

The writing I do to fulfil this, here, is different.

I don't aim to tell true actions

and truthful thoughts,

or,

I do, and no one can tell the difference.

This rant might be fiction

and this talk might be ambience

because I'm talking with *a soothing voice*

and with a weird accent,

so instead of paying attention

you drift off

and say how relaxing it is,

only tuning in for the first half.

I wonder if my efforts are worth the money,

but then again, I don't see the aspects

I chip out payments for

flexing much as well.

I am still waiting for my health insurance

and for my education to pay off.

My re-used phone number

sends me a text message to renew someone's

vehicle insurance every year;

I haven't driven in years.

I bought a bike and feel guilty for its newness.

I can't weave myself into a whole from

those fragments.

I am a fraud

in whatever it comes down to.

I wouldn't say I understand

the daily dimming of the light,

I just understand it being

inevitable.

There are no endless days in worrying,

only very long moments

starting again

again

with anxious dawns

as everything arrives too early

and happens too late.

The day drags in a hyped-up fatigue,

the brain won't soothe itself:

a thought winds itself tightly

on another thought,

bundling into an overdriven pumping sensation

for no reason whatsoever.

It's not the subject of fear that matters,

it is the crippling alarm,

that keeps treating me

like an incomplete being.

I am a fraud,

because my double-me thinks so.

I think of deservingness, often,

and it varies between two extremes:

I feel worthy of some goodness

I've not received and

I did not earn

being stuck in my being.

I do not deserve the problems

I'm forced to get stuck with,

but there is no righteous reason

to give up an easy income

I cannot fully support the ideology of.

I wail

and wail

either way.

Is it only the crisis

that grants me possibilities

or can I still be seen

as a separate entity

from the current times?

I am worried about only existing in disasters

and am afraid of my inefficiency

in the never-arriving normalcy.

I like having excuses for my inactions

and am relieved that this is now a trend.

Apart from pardons,

what is it, now, that I'm making?

I've lost all sense of logical reason

and my timeless human touch.

Although,

a human touch rather feels hostile against my actions

these days.

I am sandwiched between

uncontrollable beings and their noise.

Torturous, now that I can't slither myself out

without more exposure to things

I don't want to hear.

I am over-aware of every mischance

and annoyance,

but I mostly blame myself on the lack of willpower

and my weak personality.

The walls aren't too thin,

I think anyone would say.

A sore excuse, to blame another,

but an excuse nevertheless.

I should make a graph,

as I'm unsure if my mad-being

amounts more out-

or inside of myself.

Last night I had to stop working,

because my needed headspace

was not respected,

I wish I was more stern to call it out.

I cannot even make a call

without panicking,

I think I'm doing this wrong.

I am unable to ask for my conditions to be fulfilled,

and my pleads are not utopic,

but nothing gets done,

out of incompetence

and lack of motivation.

I remind myself: I have this project grant;

but only every other thing winds me up.

I would walk away but have nowhere to set

my aim to.

(I think we should turn from here,

to ever make it back)

Isolation always gets so delusional,

yet I was never set on mingling.

I guess I'm deranged by default, in that case,

or at least that is how I see myself.

Things normalize only in reassurance

and nothing seems similar:

the sun always sets,

but the twilights are non-identical.

The light never fades

at the same time

as the day before.

I never feel the same dread

twice.

Yet the darkness fades into daylight

and ill feelings surface,

not by the clock but maybe by the calendar.

I wonder what holds me here, as time passes

everywhere:

it is not the living,

or the working space,

a quarantine needs no location.

Maybe I'm stuck in where I'm me,

but maybe this is just a place I'm in.

Is my head the only place I'm in?

I need to place you apart from it.

I feel like needing is a burden.

Maybe needing the time

mind

and environment to create

is a lie

–I've been telling myself–

and the main impact of my incapabilities.

Maybe the project grant is an obligation to suck it up

as it is the only help that arrives,

even if it doesn't qualify to fill the needy void.

I think we should be way past needing by now,

but it's inevitable

that fundamental fulfilment

is not accessible for

all and anyone.

Now, then again,

I'm here, chasing my tail

jumping over my own shadow

and treating my reluctance

as something important.

The sun will dim

and brighten up again,

it doesn't care that there are

3 different stages of twilight,

each of which makes us feel less at ease

in our bodies;

the sun heats itself by itself,

but we need aid for every basic induction.

I feel sorry to be human

but trying to be human just

makes me feel sorry for myself.

It seems I'm not getting any feedback at all

so I keep on severing my roots and

routines,

blindly running in the direction of

what I think is forward.

The sun

runs its cycles in a similar motion.

A drip from the Project Grant

drops monthly

while the days are getting longer–

as if work-time should be growing

with the available light.

I assume it's just the dusks

eating away the night

faster.

Light has no correlation

with motivation,

those routines have been dismantled for a while:

the hardship is to make the giving hands

accept this de-jointing as normality,

reassess the visions of wants

and needs,

and give, then, accordingly.

(some of the utopias

are too easy, so they stay fiction)

I am set in a place that's

always open for walks

to allow the spectation of privileges

become temptation and spite.

Walking in circles has no end,

goals outside of it

stay irrelevant.

Having means can only be of help

in easing the looping worries,

but here I'm stuck

just walking with myself.

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